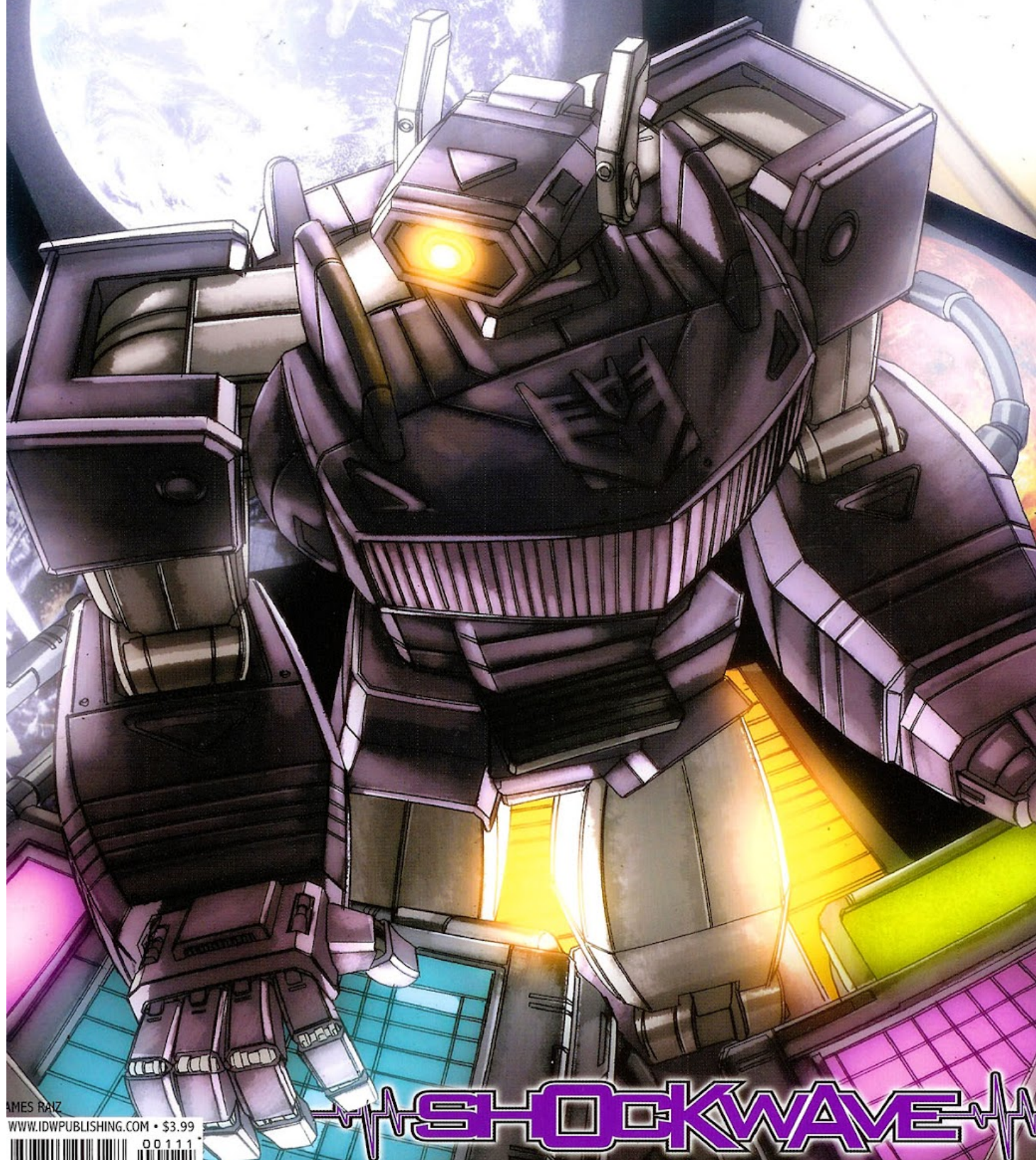




ISSUE #1
\$3.99 • A

THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT



JAMES RAIZ

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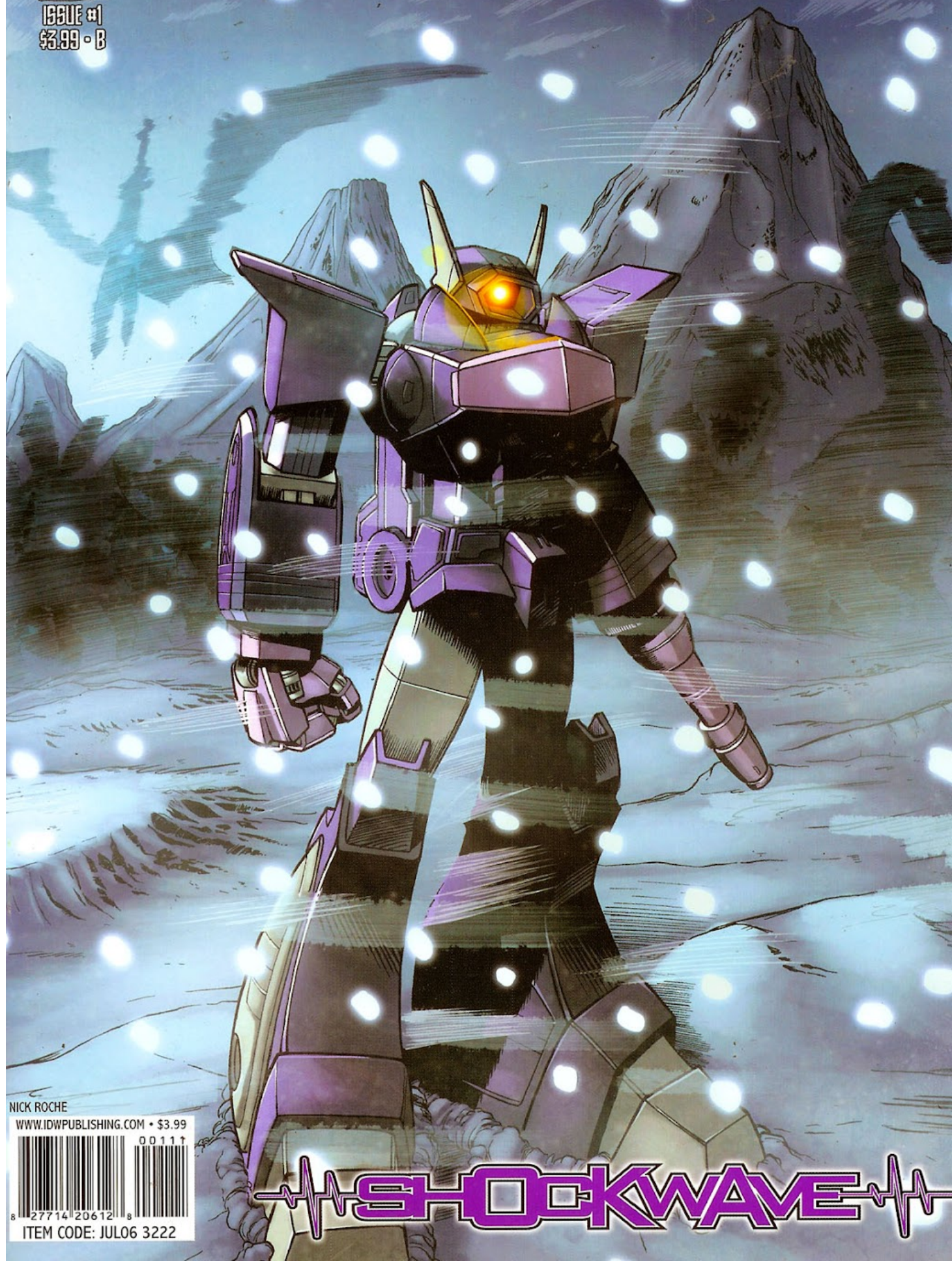
ITEM CODE: JUL06 3222

SHOCKWAVE



ISSUE #1
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THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT



NICK ROCHE

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SHOCKWAVE



He is one of the most feared and powerful DECEPTICONS, but where others are ruled by greed, ambition or an unchecked lust for power, his only master is cold, clear, dispassionate logic. Spur plus reaction equals outcome. This equation shapes and defines his thoughts and deeds. Infinitely patient, he sees the shape of things to come and so acts accordingly. His name...

...IS SHOCKWAVE.



THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT #1 SHOCKWAVE

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SIX HUNDRED
THOUSAND META-CYCLES
AGO, I SEE THE FUTURE-A
CYBERTRON EXHAUSTED,
DEPLETED OF NATURAL
RESOURCES-A DEAD
WORLD.

I DECIDE TO
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT IT.

I DO SO UNENCUMBERED BY
EMOTION OR SENTIMENTALITY,
GROWING NEW SUB-ROUTINES
DEDICATED SOLELY TO THE CORE
ISSUE OF *SURVIVAL*. ULTIMATELY,
I INITIATE A PROGRAM DUBBED
REGENESIS.

I CONSIDER STRUCTURE
AND FORM, ACTION AND
REACTION, CAUSE AND EFFECT,
BUT I NEGLECT TO FACTOR IN
ONE FUNDAMENTAL UNIVERSAL
CONSTANT-

CHAOS.

I TELL NO ONE. I
ALREADY KNOW I WILL BE
IGNORED, MY WARNINGS
DROWNED OUT IN THE
CLAMOR OF *CIVIL WAR*.

FIRST I STOCKPILE RAW
ENERGON, THEN I
REFINE AND DISTILL THAT
INTO A POTENT
ELEMENTAL *CATALYST*.

THE END PRODUCT
IS LOADED INTO
SPECIAL WARHEADS...

...AND LAUNCHED
INTO SPACE.

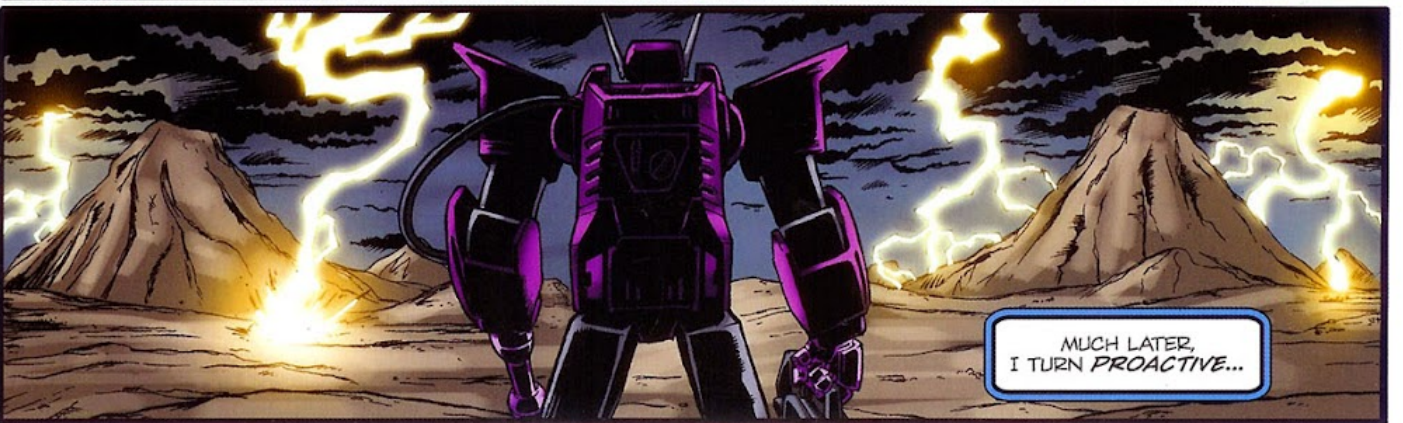
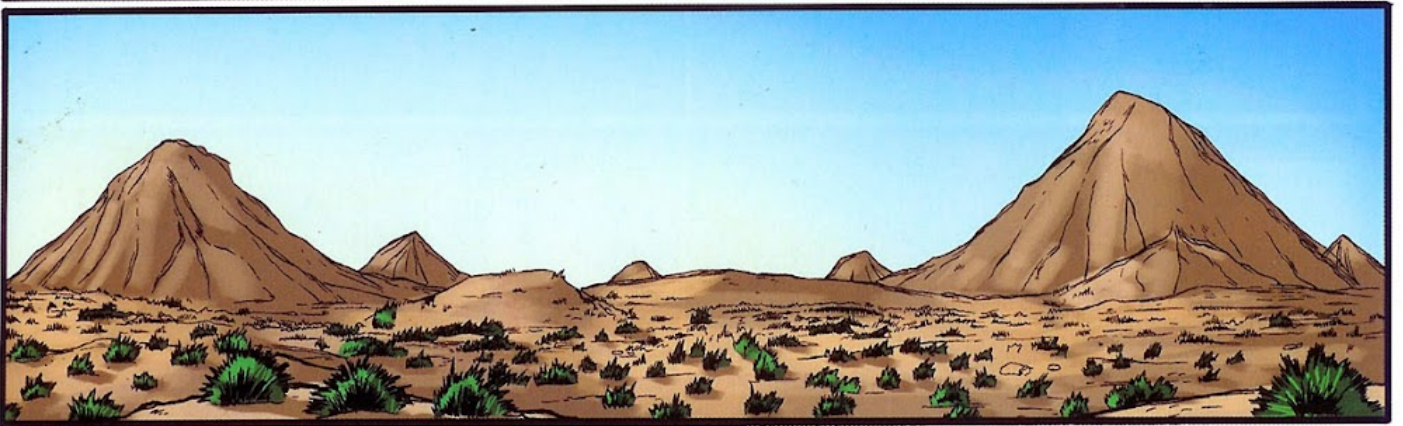
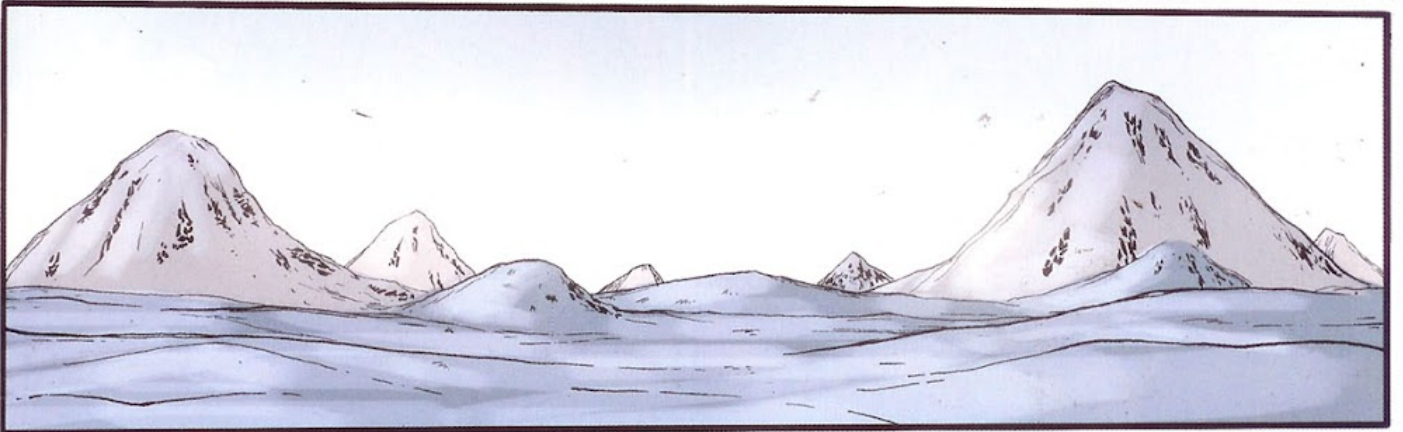
DISTANT PLANETS WITH A
SPECIFIC GEOLOGICAL
PROFILE ARE TARGETED...

...AND *SEEDED*.

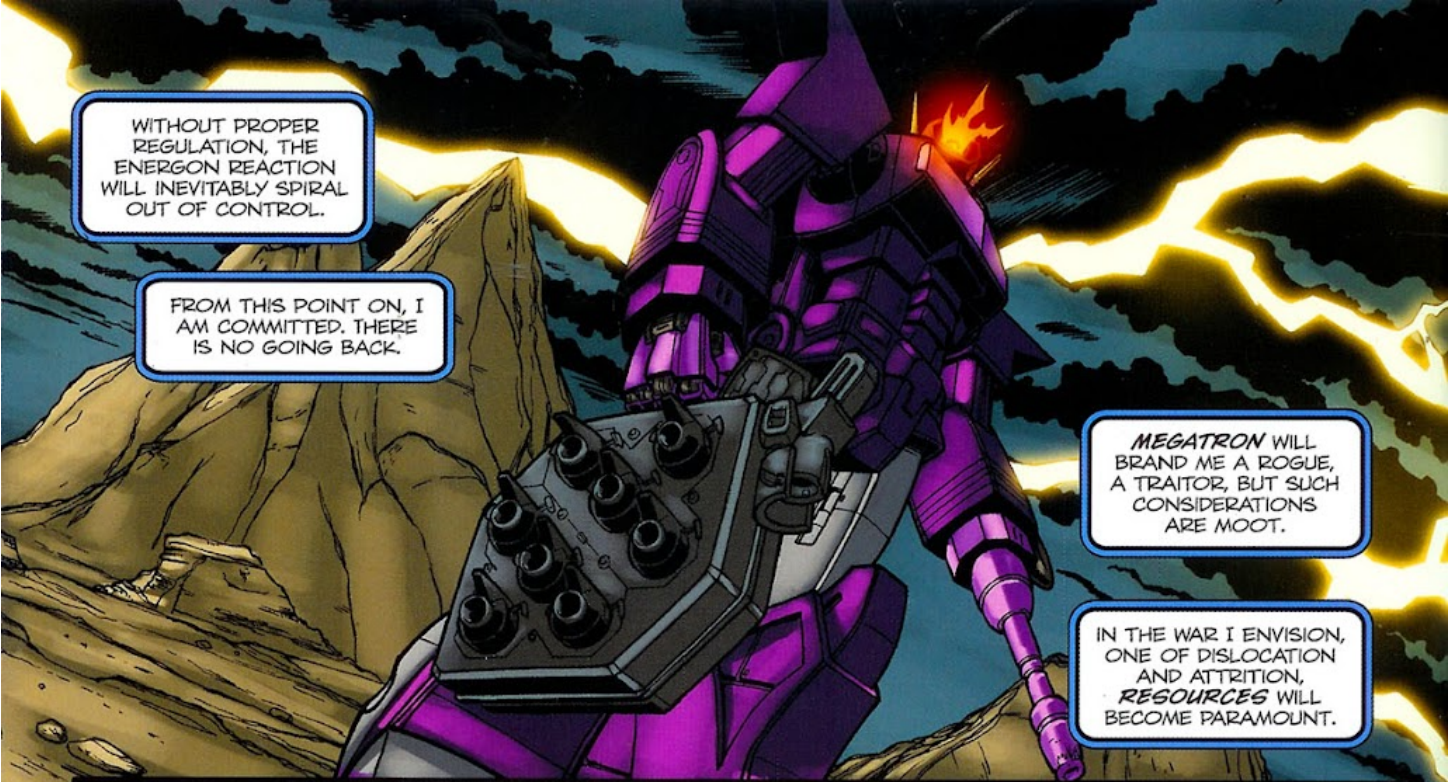
THEN...



...I WAIT.



MUCH LATER,
I TURN *PROACTIVE*...




WITHOUT PROPER
REGULATION, THE
ENERGON REACTION
WILL INEVITABLY SPIRAL
OUT OF CONTROL.

FROM THIS POINT ON, I
AM COMMITTED. THERE
IS NO GOING BACK.

MEGATRON WILL
BRAND ME A ROGUE,
A TRAITOR, BUT SUCH
CONSIDERATIONS
ARE MOOT.

IN THE WAR I ENVISION,
ONE OF DISLOCATION
AND ATTRITION,
RESOURCES WILL
BECOME PARAMOUNT.



KT-

REGENESIS WILL ENSURE
THAT I CONTROL THE
BALANCE OF POWER.



-TKK



ULTIMATELY, I
SERVE ONLY
ONE MASTER...



...PURE
LOGIC.

PTUWUUF

EARTH ORBIT:

ANYONE HAVE
THE FAINTEST IDEA
WHAT HE'S *DOING*
DOWN THERE?

NOT A CLUE, *SNARL*. THE
HIGH CONCENTRATIONS OF
ENERGON IN THE ATMOSPHERE
ARE MASKING HIS MOVEMENTS
FROM OUR SCANNERS.

BUT IT'S GOT TO BE
CONNECTED, RIGHT? I MEAN,
YOU DON'T JUST STUMBLE
ACROSS A PLANET WITH THAT
KIND OF COMPATIBLE PROFILE.

TO BE
PERFECTLY
HONEST,
SWOOP...

...ALL THAT
MATTERS IS HE'S
ALONE... AND
VULNERABLE!

I SMELL
PAYBACK.

NOT SO FAST,
GRIMLOCK. THOSE
ENERGON LEVELS ARE
OFF THE SCALE!

WE GO DOWN
THERE WITHOUT
SOME KIND OF
PROTECTION...

...WE'LL BE IN
STASIS LOCK
IN NANO-KLIKS.

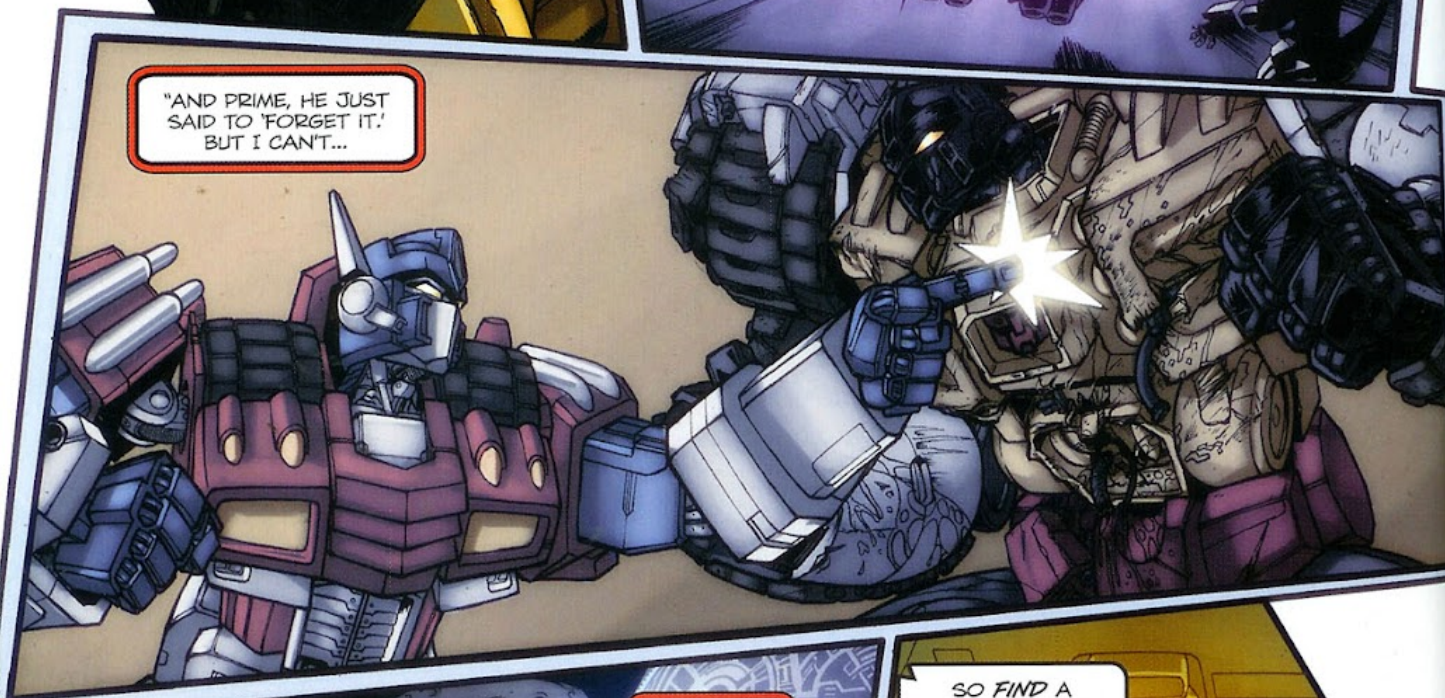


DON'T GIVE ME PROBLEMS, **SLAG**... JUST SOLUTIONS.

WE OWE THAT ONE-EYED FREAK.



"WE WERE AWAY AND CLEAR, BACK IN AUTOBOT-HELD TERRITORY. THE ENERGON CACHE WAS **OURS**. BUT NO, THAT **CLOCKWORK** PROCESSOR OF HIS TICKED OVER AND SPAT OUT ITS CONCLUSION. IF **HE** COULDN'T HAVE IT... **NEITHER** WOULD WE!



"AND PRIME, HE JUST SAID TO 'FORGET IT,' BUT I CAN'T..."

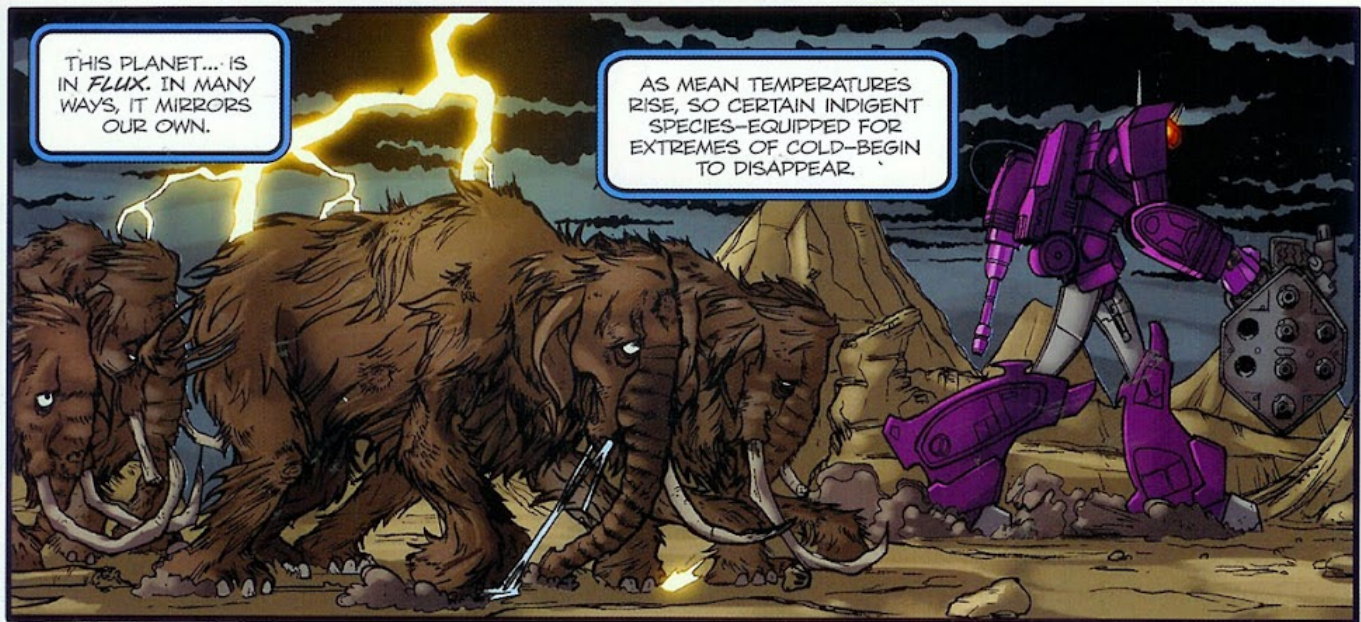


"WON'T."



SO FIND A WAY TO PUT ME DOWN ON THAT PLANET. WHATEVER IT TAKES.

WE END THIS... **HERE.**



THIS PLANET... IS
IN *FLUX*. IN MANY
WAYS, IT MIRRORS
OUR OWN.

AS MEAN TEMPERATURES
RISE, SO CERTAIN INDIGENT
SPECIES—EQUIPPED FOR
EXTREMES OF COLD—BEGIN
TO DISAPPEAR.



EVOLUTION CANNOT KEEP
PACE WITH THE TRANSITIONAL
PHASES OF THE BIOSPHERE.



LACKING THE WIT TO
COMPREHEND THEIR
PREDICAMENT, LET
ALONE ACT, THEY FACE
CERTAIN EXTINCTION.



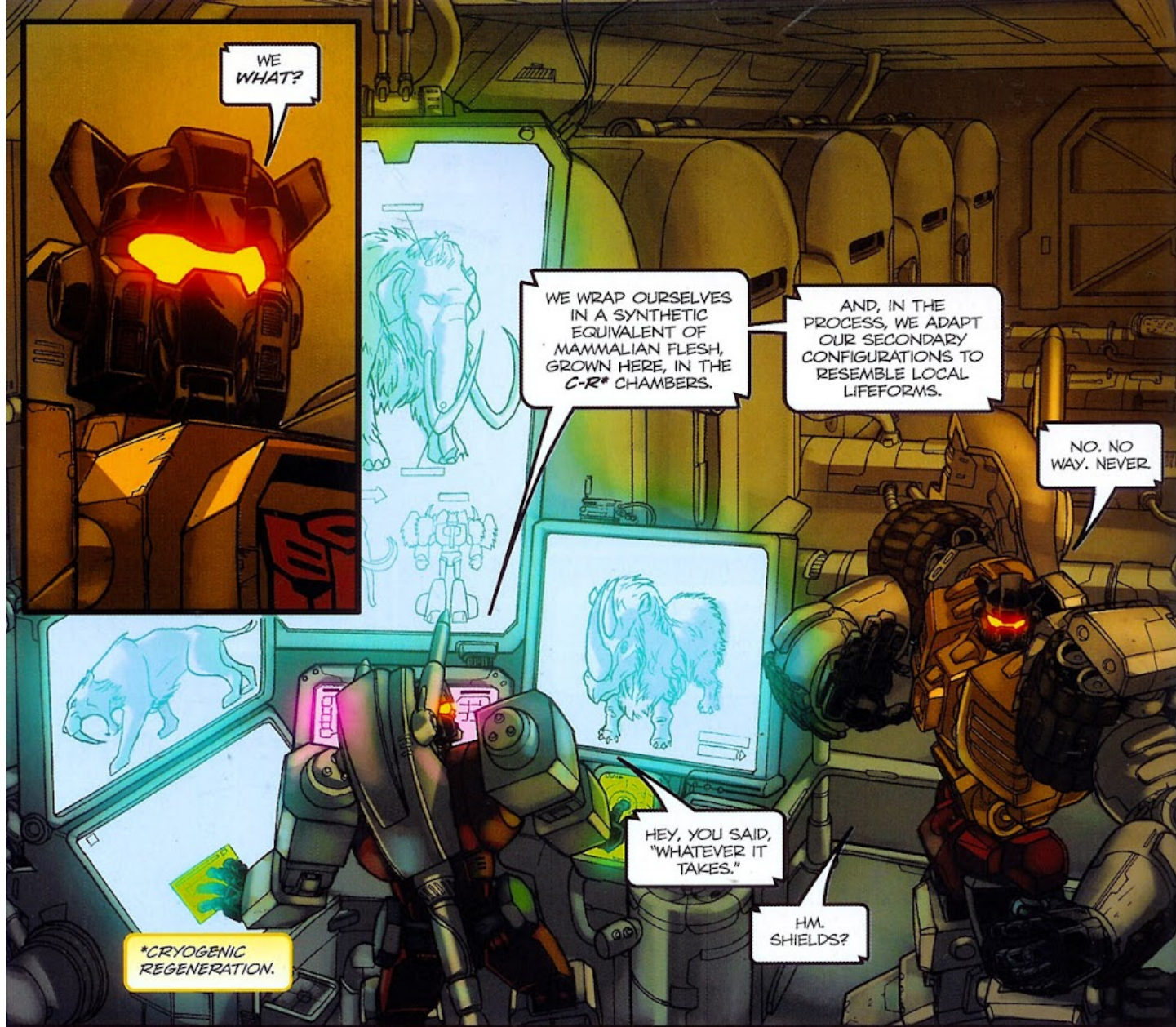
OUR RACE DOES,
TOO. WE EITHER
EVOLVE...



...OR DIE.

THE *GLOBAL DAMPERS*
WILL REGULATE THE ONGOING
GEOLOGICAL REACTION. IN
DUE COURSE, THE NEW *ORE*
SEAMS WILL SETTLE, BECOME
INERT. ALL I NEED...

...IS *TIME*.



WE
WHAT?

WE WRAP OURSELVES
IN A SYNTHETIC
EQUIVALENT OF
MAMMALIAN FLESH,
GROWN HERE, IN THE
C-R* CHAMBERS.

AND, IN THE
PROCESS, WE ADAPT
OUR SECONDARY
CONFIGURATIONS TO
RESEMBLE LOCAL
LIFEFORMS.

NO. NO
WAY. NEVER.

HEY, YOU SAID,
"WHATEVER IT
TAKES."

HM.
SHIELDS?

*CRYOGENIC
REGENERATION.

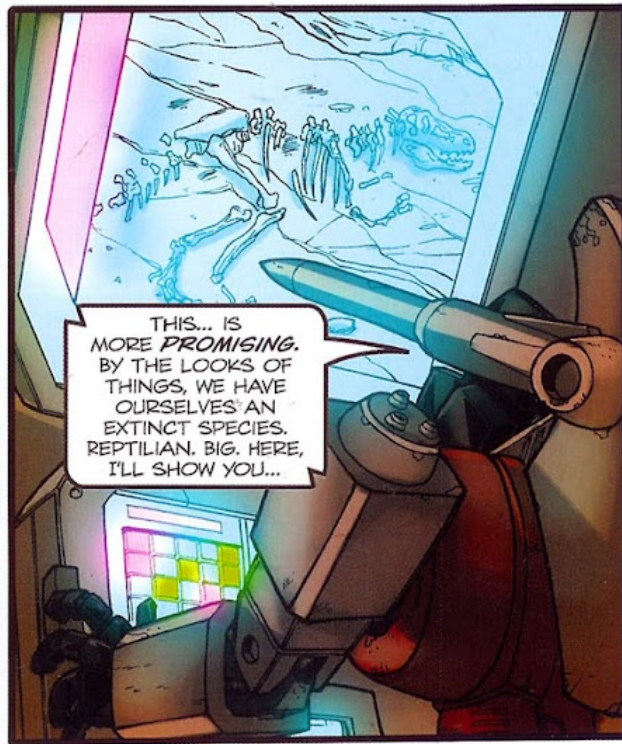
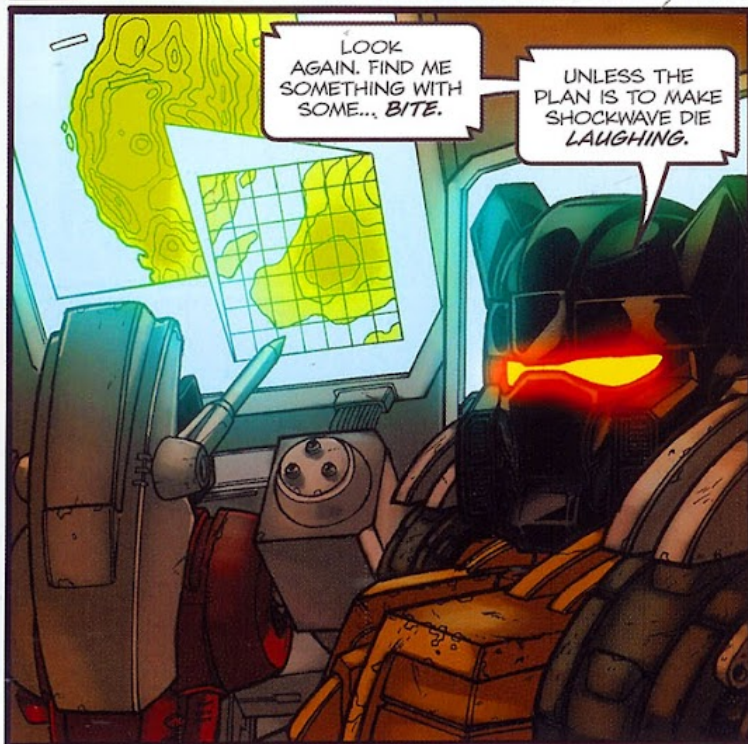


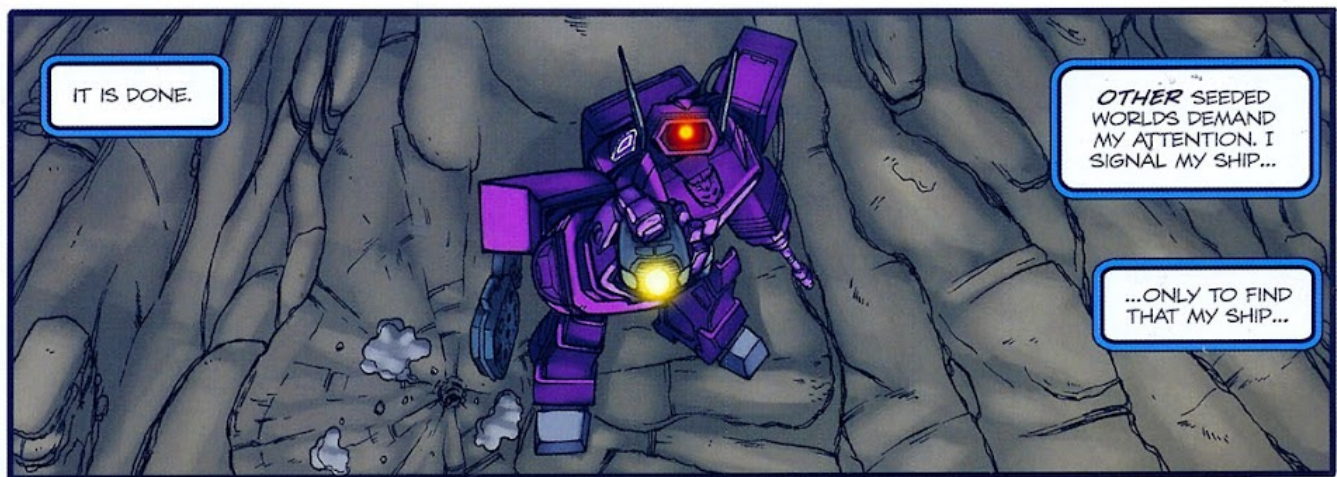
WE DON'T HAVE THE
RESONANT FIELD
HARMONICS. SHOCKWAVE
EVIDENTLY DOES, BUT
THEN... IT'S SAFE TO
ASSUME HE'S HAD PLENTY
OF TIME TO PLAN.

IF YOU WANT
TO STOP HIM HERE,
BEFORE HE MOVES
ON, THIS...

...IS THE
ONLY WAY.







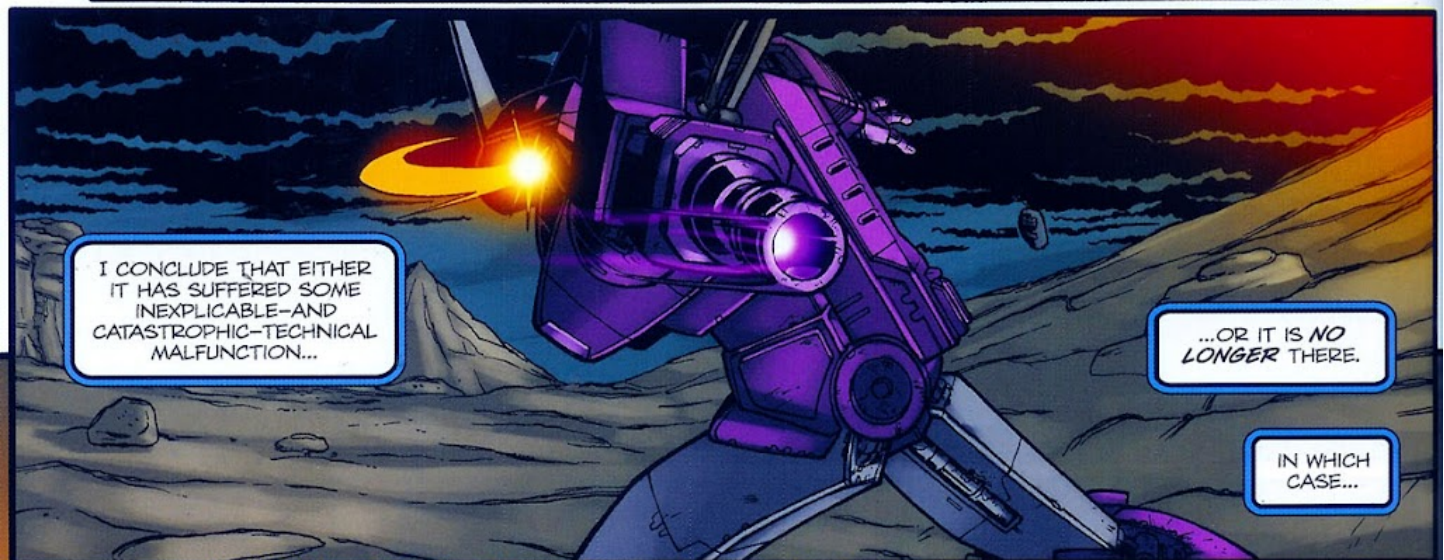
IT IS DONE.

OTHER SEEDED
WORLDS DEMAND
MY ATTENTION. I
SIGNAL MY SHIP...

...ONLY TO FIND
THAT MY SHIP...



...IS NOT
RESPONDING.



I CONCLUDE THAT EITHER
IT HAS SUFFERED SOME
INEXPLICABLE-AND
CATASTROPHIC-TECHNICAL
MALFUNCTION...

...OR IT IS *NO*
LONGER THERE.

IN WHICH
CASE...



FTOOM FTOOM FTOOM FTOOM FTOOM

...ATTACK IS
INEVITABLE!

DYNOBOTS...

...BEAST
MODES!

MY ORDERED,
COMPARTMENTALIZED
WORLD...



...EXPLODES.

I AM IN *FREEFALL*,
STRUGGLING TO QUANTIFY
THE X AND Y OF THIS
PROBABILITY EQUATION.

I WAS EXPECTING
MEGATRON, OR-IF NOT
HIM PERSONALLY-
ONE OF HIS TACTICAL
ASSAULT UNITS. THE
PREDACONS PERHAPS.

INSTEAD...
THIS. *THEM*.

I ATTEMPT TO
APPLY RATIONALITY
CURVES, LOGIC
FILTERS. AND *FAIL*.

RANDOM FRAGMENTS
OF AUDIO-INPUT
BEGIN TO *IMPRINT*
ON MY REASONING
MEMBRANE...

...MADE US
LOOK BAD...

...LAUGHING
STOCK...

THUDO

KKRAKK

CRANK

...ENERGON
BURNS! TOOK
ALMOST A
DECA-CYCLE TO
HEAL UP...

VZNV

...ALL THAT
CAREFUL
PLANNING, AND
YOU JUST...

...HURT
US, WE
HURT YOU...

...NEVER
FORGET,
NEVER
FORGIVE...

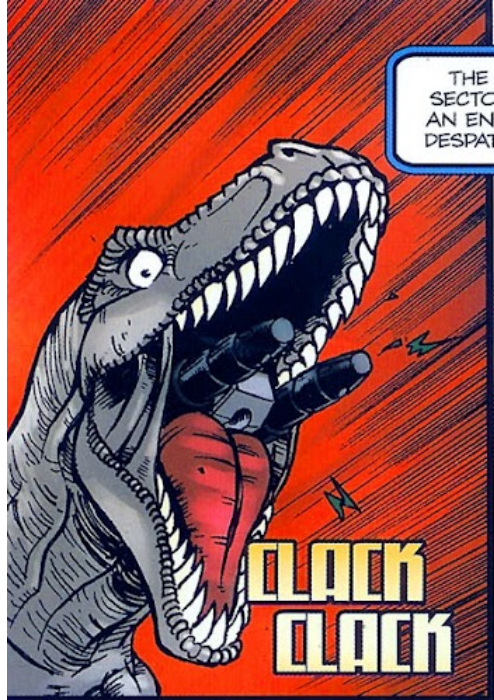
VREET

THOOM

...WATCHED,
WAITED...

...AND A *PATTERN*,
OF SORTS, BEGINS
TO EMERGE.

FWOOSH



THE INCIDENT IN SUB-SECTOR-NINE-A RAID ON AN ENERGER SILO. I WAS DESPATCHED TO *TIDY UP*.

**CLACK
CLACK**



AND THEN IT *HITS ME*.

**BOOM
BOOM**



ALL THIS... IS ABOUT REVENGE.

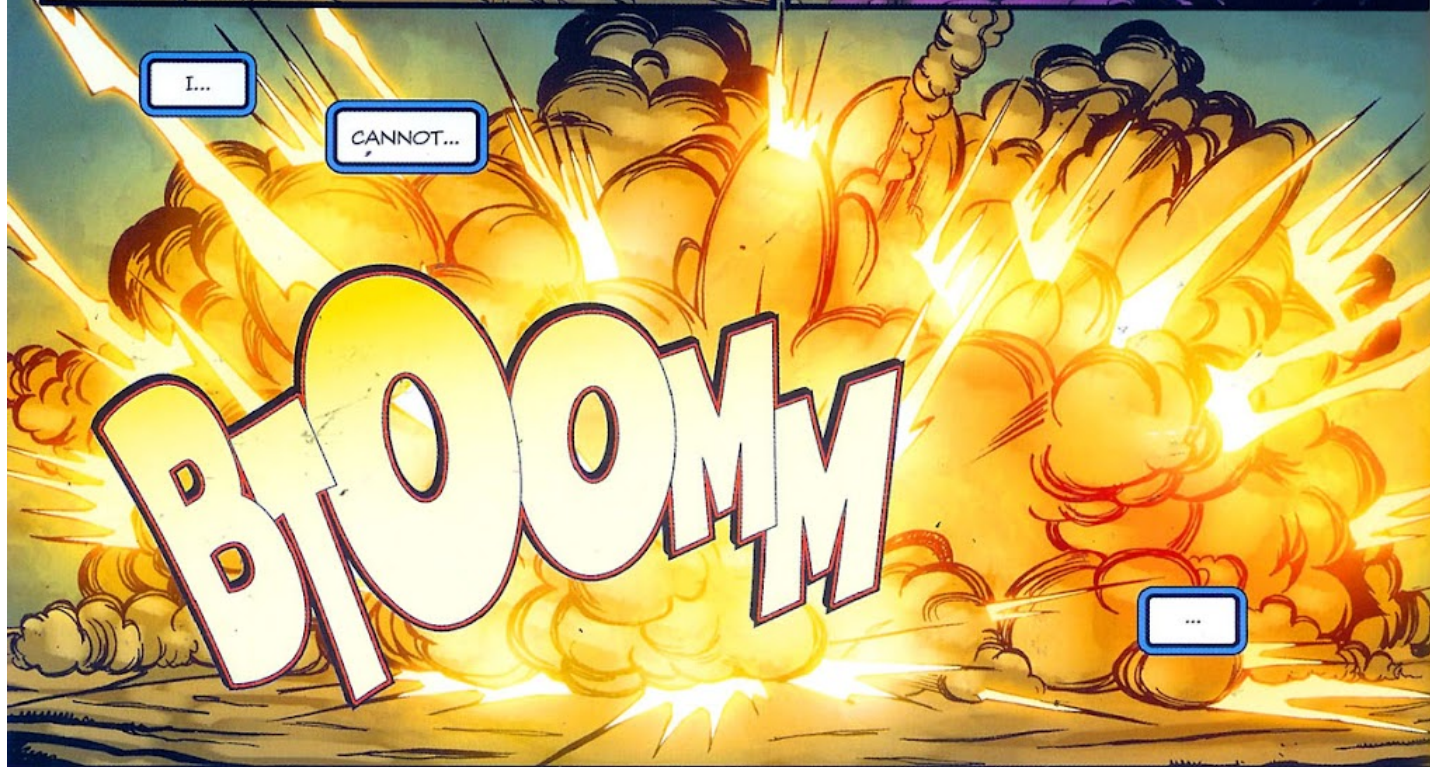
BRATT

MY LOGIC CENTER TEETERS ON THE BRINK OF SEIZURE.



**SHAK
SHAKK**

TO HAVE RISKED SO MUCH, COME SO FAR... FOR NOTHING MORE THAN WOUNDED PRIDE.



I...

CANNOT...

BOOM

...



UNABLE TO
PROPERLY PROCESS
THE ANARCHIC
NATURE OF THESE
INDIVIDUALS...



...I SIMPLY **SHUT
DOWN** MY HIGHER
FUNCTIONS.

A NEW, PRIMAL
SUB-ROUTINE TAKES
ROOT, FACILITATING A
SYNTHETIC EQUIVALENT
OF **RAGE**.



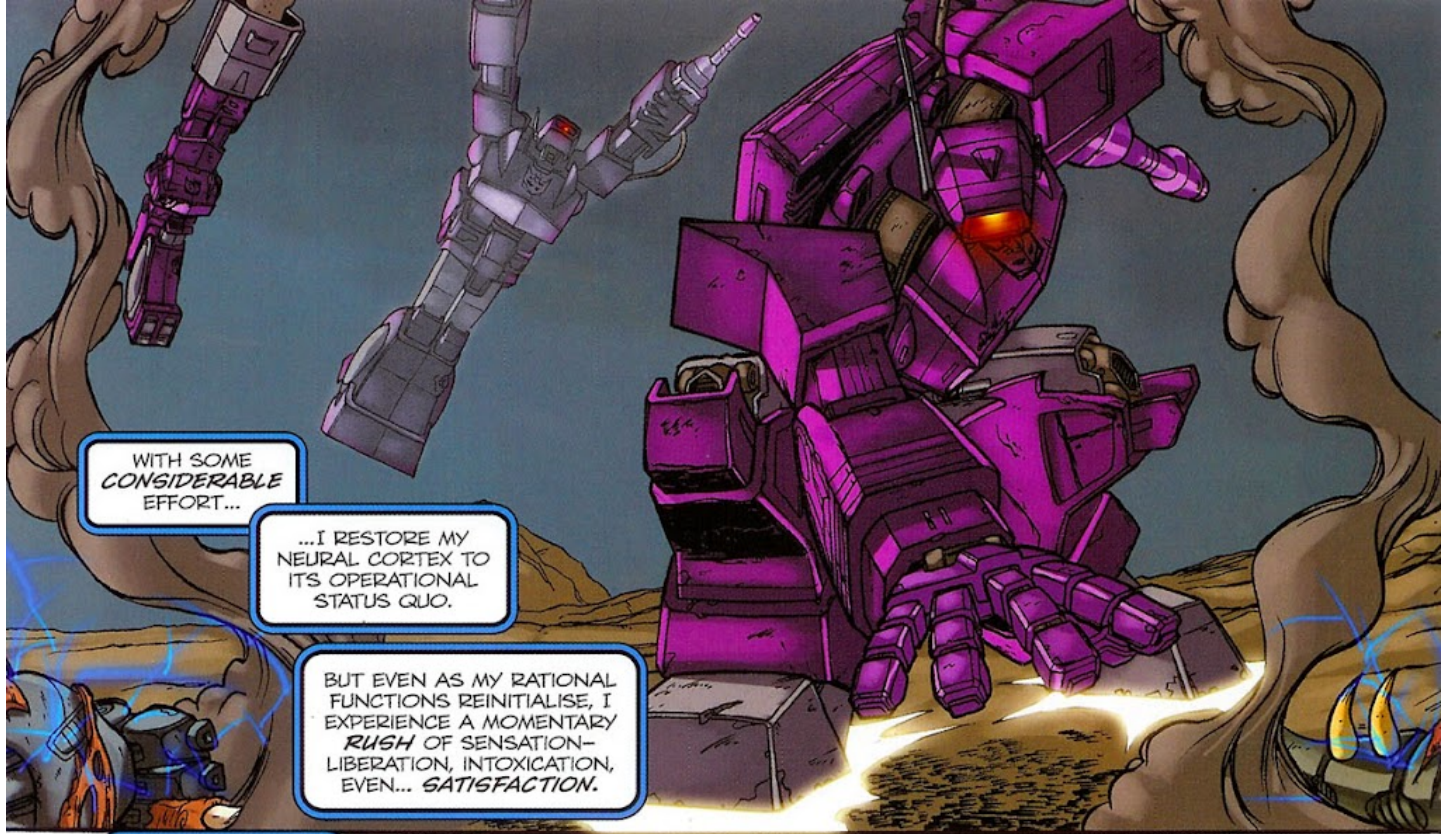
I...

...**EVOLVE.**









WITH SOME
CONSIDERABLE
EFFORT...

...I RESTORE MY
NEURAL CORTEX TO
ITS OPERATIONAL
STATUS QUO.

BUT EVEN AS MY RATIONAL
FUNCTIONS REINITIALISE, I
EXPERIENCE A MOMENTARY
RUSH OF SENSATION-
LIBERATION, INTOXICATION,
EVEN... *SATISFACTION*.

I FILE THESE
AWAY FOR LATER
CONSIDERATION.



THE BATTLE,
CLEARLY...

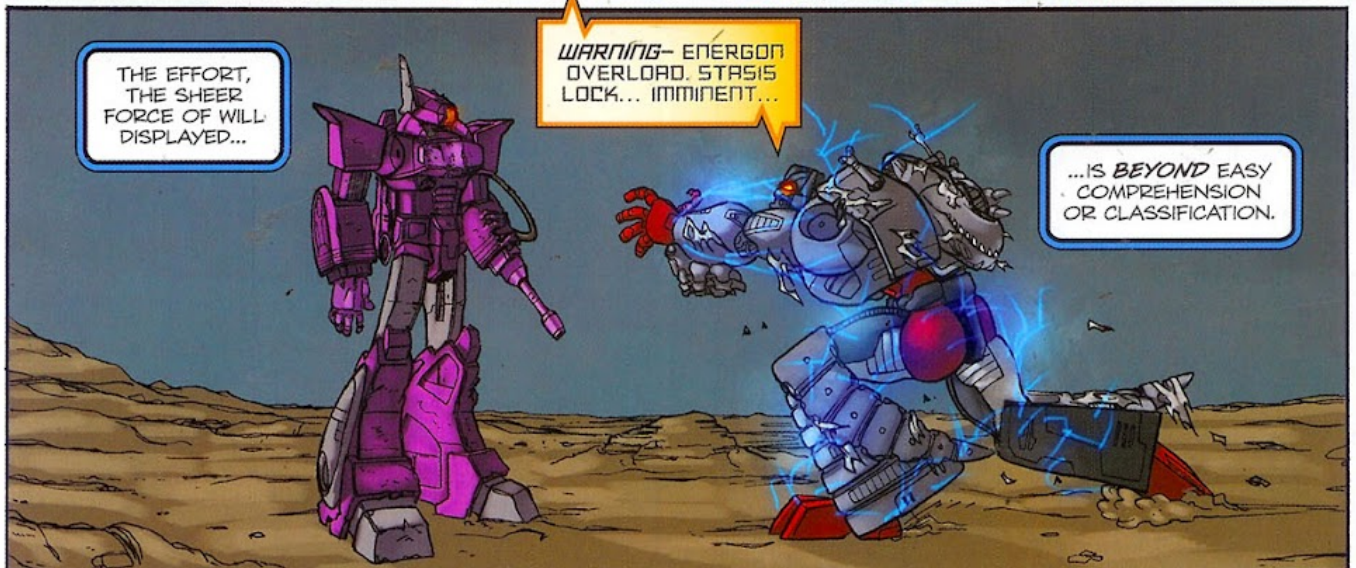


...IS OVER.



SOME,
HOWEVER...

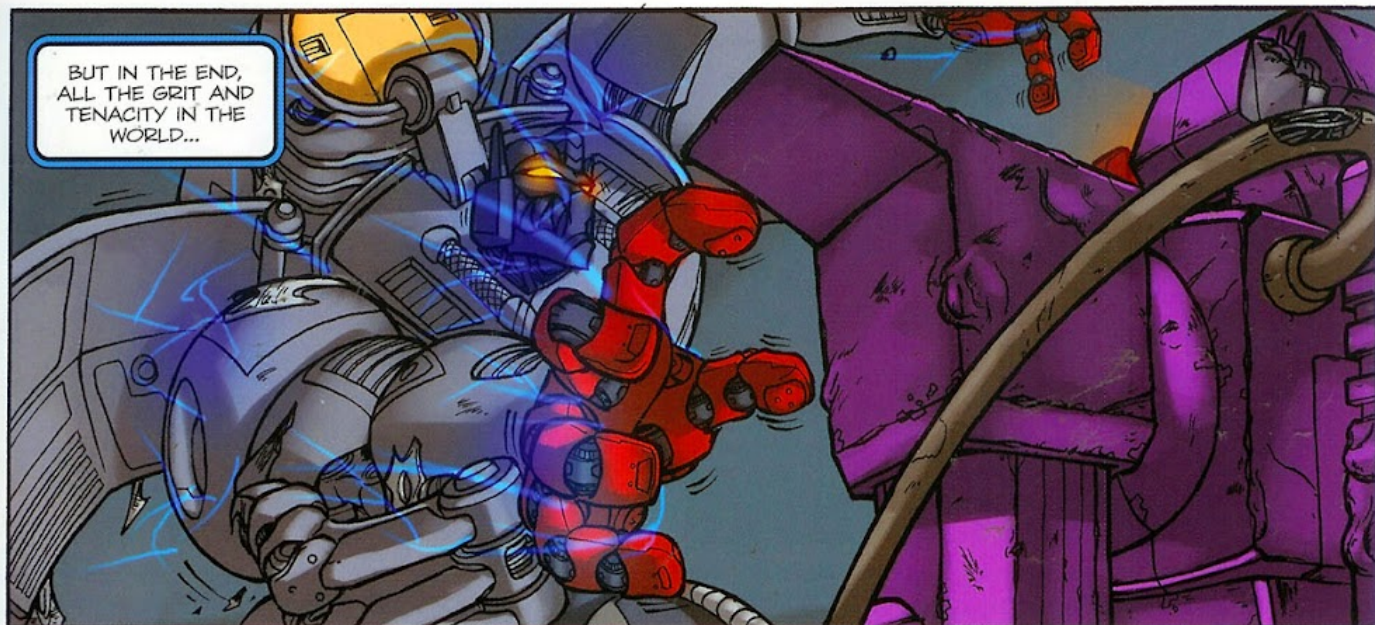
...SIMPLY
DON'T KNOW
WHEN TO QUIT.



THE EFFORT,
THE SHEER
FORCE OF WILL
DISPLAYED...

WARNING- ENERGON
OVERLOAD. STASIS
LOCK... IMMINENT...

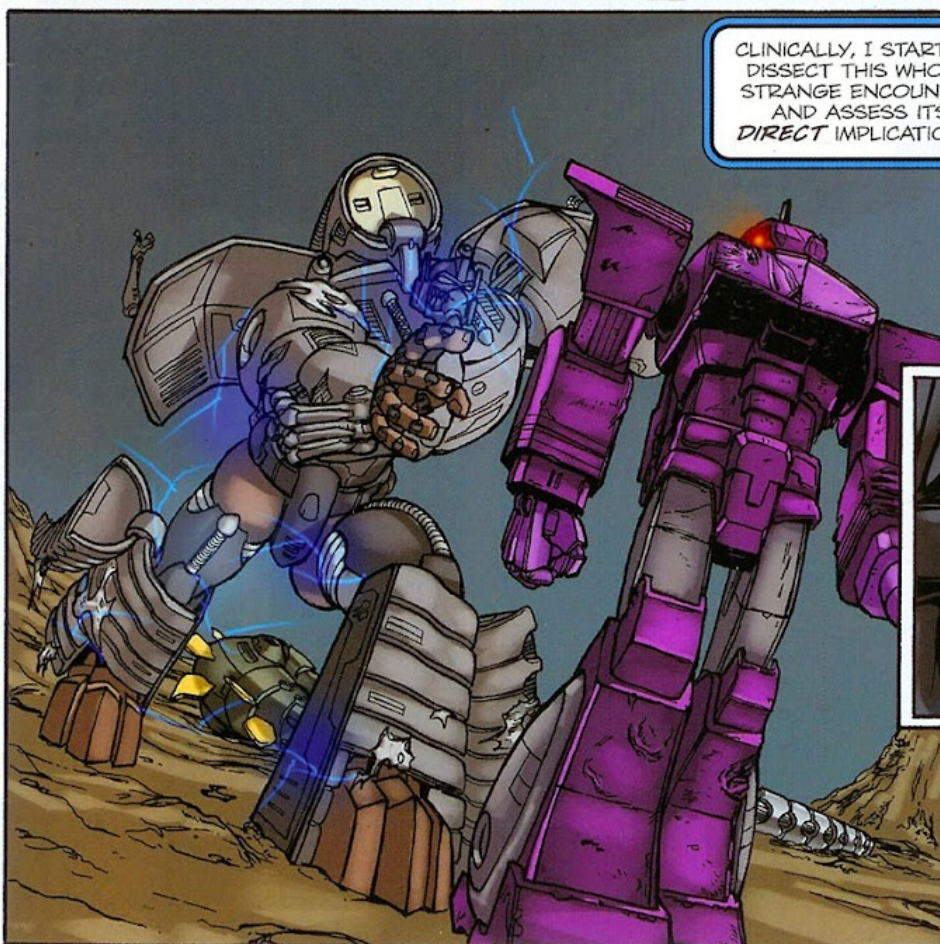
...IS *BEYOND* EASY
COMPREHENSION
OR CLASSIFICATION.



BUT IN THE END,
ALL THE GRIT AND
TENACITY IN THE
WORLD...



...MUST BOW TO
THE LAWS OF
PROBABILITY.



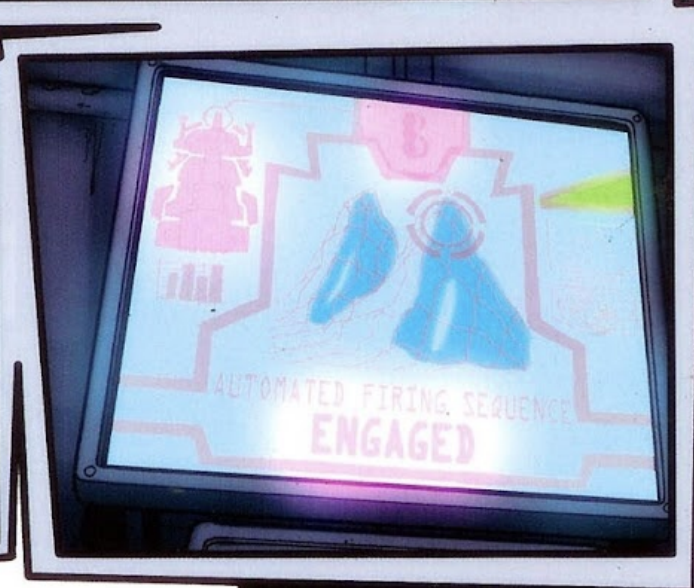
CLINICALLY, I START TO
DISSECT THIS WHOLE,
STRANGE ENCOUNTER
AND ASSESS ITS
DIRECT IMPLICATIONS.

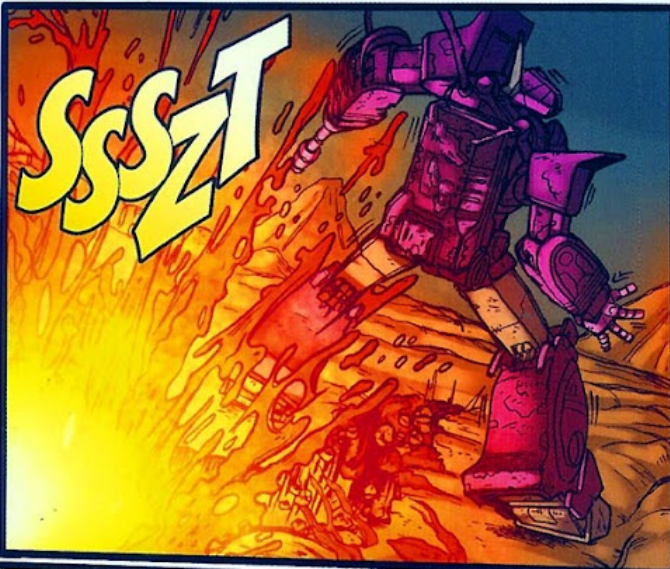
I CONSIDER STRUCTURE
AND FORM, ACTION AND
REACTION, CAUSE AND
EFFECT, BUT I NEGLECT
TO CONSIDER ONE
FUNDAMENTAL
UNIVERSAL CONSTANT—

CHAOS.



"GRIMLOCK?"





CYBERTRON.

SHOCKWAVE
IS MISSING.

UNTIL I
DETERMINE IF THIS IS
ENEMY ACTION OR
SOMETHING MORE...
INTERNALIZED, I HAVE
ORDERED HIS RESEARCH
FACILITY SEALED.

YOU WILL CONDUCT
A FULL AND PAINSTAKING
INVESTIGATION INTO ALL
SHOCKWAVE'S CURRENT AND
ARCHIVED PROJECTS. I WANT
TO KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT HE
WAS WORKING ON. DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

OH...

...COMPLETELY.

EARTH (2006).

EUREKA, NEVADA:

TRUST ME,
PROFESSOR
GORING, YOU'LL
WANT TO SEE THIS
SOONER RATHER
THAN LATER!

I THINK, CLIVE,
I'D PREFER TO LIVE
A LITTLE LONGER
AND CONSIDER THIS
FIND OF YOURS AT
MY L-

SEE-
I TOLD YOU.
FORGET THE
FRAGMENTS WE'VE
DUG UP SO FAR.
THIS...

...IS THE
REAL DEAL!

THE END?